





THE

1344.c.31

# SCOTCH FIGGARIES:

OR,

## A Knot of Knaves.

A

# COMEDY.

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LONDON Printed 1652.

Reprinted and sold by W. MEARS, at the  
*Lamb*, and T. BOREMAN, at the *Cock*,  
on *Ludgate-Hill*. MD.CC.XXXV.

# *Dramatis Personæ.*

*Smalfaiih*, A declining Magistrate.  
*Domuch*, } Magistrates continued.  
*Surehold*. }  
*Folly*, The Court Fool.  
*Focky*, } Two Scotch Beggars.  
*Billy*, }  
*Scarefool*, a Scotch Soldier.  
*Resolution*, an English Soldier.  
*Worn-out*, a Courtier.  
*Downfall*, a Lawyer.  
*Soongull'd*, a Citizen.  
*Lay-me-down*, his Wife.  
*Mrs. Smalfaiih*.  
*Anything*, a Parson.  
A Seminary.  
*Trapheir*, }  
*Pinckcarcase*, } Blades of the Time.  
*Townsbift*, }  
*Drawforth*, }  
*Witwud*, } Two Bubbles.  
*Wantwit*, }  
A Crew of Country People,  
*Vintner*, *Draaver*, *Soldiers*, *Servitors*.  
A Publick Notary.

THE







# THE SCOTCH FIGGARIES.

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## ACT I.

*Enter Jocky with his Wallet.*

*Jocky.*



SIRS! thes eyr has a mickle  
geod Savour, I ha creept thus  
fer intol th' Kingdom, like an  
Erivigg intoll a Mons Lug, and  
fall as herdly be gat oout. Ife  
sa fess here as a Sperrow under  
a Penthoowse. Let the Sheriff o *Cumberland* gee hang  
himsell ins own Gartropts, Ife ferr enough off him,  
ans Fellow Officer th' Hangman noow. I a *Scot*  
Theff may pass for a trow Mon here: Aw the emp-  
ty Weomb and thin Hide I full oft bore in *Scotland*,  
an the geod Fare I get here! Be me Saw Ife twa  
Yards gron about sin I cam fro *Scotland*, the Deel  
split me gif I cam at thee mere *Scotland*: Ife een  
noow ny the bonny Court, wur meny a *Scot* Lad is  
A 3. gron

gron fro a Maggot ta a bran Goose; marry Ise in geod Pleight. Weele *Scotland*, weele, row gaffit me a Mouth, but *Angland* mon find me Met; 'tis a geod Soile geod Feith, an gif aw my Contremon wod plant here, th'od thrive better thon in their non.

[ Enter Billy. ]

In the foule Deelee's Name wha's yon? A sud be me Contremon by's scratin an scrubbin; A leokes like *Scotland* it sell, bar an naked; A carries noought bet tha walth o Can aboot him, Filth an Virmin.

*Billy*. Aw *Scotland*, *Scotland*, wa worth tha tim I cam oout o thee; Ise like tha wandering *Jew* ha worn my Hoofs sa thin as Pauper, and can get ne Shod for um; *Angland* has geod sooft Grond, bet tha Peple ha mickle hard Hearts; Aw *Billy*, *Billy*, th'ad better ha tane tha Stripe for stelling in *Scotland* (bet thot 'tis a Sin ta rob the Spettle) an ha thriv'd by't, thon ta come ta be hangd here, or sterv'd; tis keen Justace a Mon sud dee sick a deeth for mack-ing use o his Honds, I ha ne oder Mamber woorth ough.

*Jocky*. On's Mon what gar thee in these Pickle? how camst hither?

*Billy*. Een on me ten Toes Sir, and thay err worn oout now, thay'l ser me ne longer.

*Jocky*. Wha tha Deelee fall mend 'um? sham faw thee, a *Scot* an cannot shift.

*Billy*. A lack Sir, a Mon mo not stell here for's Neck, and Ise mickle sham ta beg.

*Jocky*. How Mon, not bag! Ons th'art nen a me Contremon than.

*Billy*. Ey marry that am I, geod Feith Ise a *Scot*, an boorn at *Andra keddin*.

*Jocky*. I thoought sa be thy iddle Leife; what gar thee cam hither?

*Billy*. A lack Mon I sud a bein whopt aboot tha Toown o *Barwick* for theiffing in *Scotland*, bet brock Gale and scapt it.

*Jocky*. Hadst tow tha Conscience ta stell fro thy  
own

own Contre, an haft noot tha Eece ta bag in an  
oder? fy Mon, fy. Ons hoow thinkst leive? [*Opens*  
*his Wallet and shews him Meat.*] Looke her Mon, look  
her, sa tha Virtu o bagging. A Sir d'yeec drop,  
d'yeec drop at Mooth Sir?

*Bil.* Ey Sir, sike a Seight ma mack a Mon fown.

*Joc.* Sow up your Chops in tha Deece's Nam, gif  
you cannot bag ye fall not eat Sir.

*Bil.* Geod Feith an I ha noot eat un Morfel thes  
twa Daies, cam away Mon, cam away.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Sir stey your Fercnes, keep your  
Fangs off Sir, yee ma ha tha Mang.

*Bil.* Ne geod Feith, Ise a clere skind Lad.

*Joc.* Bet monstrous loowzy.

*Bil.* Dooubt not that Sir, thay'l pin ta Death Sir,  
for I ha noought ta fed 'um bet Sken, an that's twa  
roough for thair Teth—cam away Mon, sum Che-  
rete good Contremon.

*Joc.* Weele set doowne—leoke thee here Mon,  
thes gis tha Leg o a *Anglish* Prest. [*They sit down to eat.*]

*Bil.* Sey yee sa Mon.

*Joc.* Reight weele thay bein mad up o Cappon an  
whit Broth, thay mack their Carcase fat, bet their  
Solls len; d'yeec thenk St. *Andra* wad a fested sa  
mickle gif a cud a gat sike Met as thes? Ne, ne, by  
me Saw Ise hang than; he was sterv'd, thay fare de-  
liciously; he wos loowzy, and thod no Sheft, thay  
bien buried aleise in fin Lenin an lown Sleeffes; he  
stunk abo grond, thay bien swetten'd leiving an  
deed, abo an under Grond; A me Saw St. *Andra*  
had ner don sa meny Marvailles gif a had stuf his  
Carcase sa full as thay.

*Bil.* Geod Feith I main pass for a Sent ten, for  
me Carcase is bar an thin enough.

*Joc.* Ey for Sent Theff, for he ner did Mirackle—  
thes Torky Leg cam fro a Merchant's Table, thes  
Widgin's Wing cam fro a Citzen's, an thes Goose's Leg  
fro a Lawyer's.

*Bil.* Bred, thay mack mere preaml 'boot thair  
Boody then aw tha Peple in Cristendum de about

thair Saws, how hadst tow tha Feece ta speeke at fe meny Dores Mon?

*Joc.* Ay Sir, I fall rach yee ta beg bravely, mind ye me noow Sir, I stoll twa Cowes fro me Contremon and gar tham agat ta *Comberlond* ta seele, bet tha plaggy Shrieff gar tham tak fro me, an sent me toll tha Gale, bet I gat loose, an sa cam froward, an in tha Noorth I met a iddle Turnies Lod; wha mad me thes Certifice, an sat aw tho'se Jestece Nams tolc, that tha Sheriff o *Comberlond* had den me mickle wrong, an sa Ise cam up toll th' King for Jestece.

*Bil.* Geod Feith, wad I had sike an oder.

*Joc.* Cam away Mon, hest thee, fill thy Weomb, an get thee on yon sid Mon, an Ise kep o thes, an sa nen sail scap us—hark ye me Mon, you mon tell um you cam o geod Parentage, an ha lost aw your Siller as ye cam for *Anglond*—you mon speeke a hy Mon, an noot lick a Mole under Gron pest herring.

*Bil.* Weele, weele, Ise be avis'd be you, gif you far weele I fall noot far amifs.

[ *Enter a Courtier.* ]

*Joc.* Gang away Mon, gang away Mon, seest tow, seest tow yon braw Mon tofore thy Eyne.

[ *Billy runs towards him.* ]

*Bil.* —Bless your Honor, Ise speeke a Word or twa ta your Honor.

*Cour.* My Honour! — Pox on your fawning Hide, what would you have with me and be hang'd?

*Bil.* —Ne, ne, Sir, I pray your Honor wax noot wrothful, Ise a Mon o geod Ranck in my own Contre, an ha kept geod Beasts.

*Cour.* Ay, for some Body else, thou dost not look as though thou wast ever worth one.

*Bil.* Ne, ne, Sir, me non proper Geods geod Feith; I cam wi mickle Siller in me Purse ta *Anglond*, weele Clad.

*Cour.* With some old Curtains that bore St. *Andrew's* Story, or Childrens Blankets stole, and turn'd to Trowfers.

*Bil.*



# The Scotch Figgaries.

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*Bil.* Ne geod Feith, I ha een bien robb'd o aw.

*Cour.* Rob thee; of what? had he a mind to be lowfy? but this is an Engine laid to draw a Piece of Silver to ye, is't not so.

*Bil.* Your Honor speekes mickle weel.

*Cour.* —There—there's some of your Countrymen at Court live better by this Trade than you.

*(He gives him Money.)*

*Joc.* Un Word ta your Honer.

*(As he goes Jocky meets him.)*

*Cour.* Hy day, another! I'm Way-laid; hast thou been robb'd too?

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Sir, ne, tha Shrieffe o Comberland has dun me mickle Wrong Sir.

*Cour.* Whipt you about the Pig-market.

*Joc.* A has tacken away me Cowes Sir, an aw me Geods, see here Sir, I ha aw thos worthy Jestee Nams ta testifie.

*Cour.* There is no Beggar like the Scotch Beggar for Tricks and Impudence—Come what must discharge me from you Sir, and your Bellowing?

*Joc.* Geod Faith, Sir, I wont Siller ta get Jestee.

*Cour.* —Hadst thou had Justice done thee, thou hadst been hang'd long before this.

*Bil.* Bred, he's a Fortune-teller.

*Cour.* There—that will serve to buy you Oatmeal; Sir, there is no more of your catter-walling Companions hereabouts, is there?

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Sir, ant lick your Honer.

*Cour.* Ne, ne, Pox on your Nees and your Noes too; I'm glad I'm rid of you.

*(Exit.)*

*Joc.* Noow Sir, ye had noot tha Fece ta bag, hoow lick ye it noow Sir, what ga he toll ye.

*Bil.* Thes smaw Pece o Siller.

*Joc.* A geod Beginning Mon, toll'd a ye noot sum o our Contremen liev'd at Court by Baggin.

*Bil.* I sca noow a Scot may ly by atorete, an beg wi Permission—Weele to Curt ta, an ly sa fest as tha beest o'um.

*Joc.* Be me Saw an that's herd ta dee.

[ *Enter Mr. Folly.* ]

Seeft tow, seeft tow Mon, yon braw Fellow, wi' his Gold Rop aboots Neck, an's long Cot lick a Sark, geod Feith he's ta herd for twanty o'um.

*Bil.* He's tha Feul, gis a neot?

*Joc.* Ey, ey Mon, A has feul'd himsell intoll mickle Fevor, gif a feul himsell noot oout agen—sey a cams aneust us Mon, wees speeke toll him—Bless your Honer Sir, bless your Honer, I'e gled ta sea your Honer in Health.

*Folly.* Be me Saw th'art a bold Fellow.

*Joc.* I'm your own Contremon Sir, I ken your Honer mickle weele, bless your Worship.

*Fil.* Kenst tow me Mon?

*Joc.* Mickle weele an't lick your Honer, I ken your Honer weele enough, your Honer is the King's Feul.

*Fol.* A Mon, he kepes mere Feuls than I; bred he's kepe tow ta gif tow canst feul him; how far Scot art tow?

*Joc.* Marry I'e a mickle wey oofe noow.

*Fol.* Bet I wad kne whar tow wert boorn.

*Joc.* Gin me Moders Weomb, Sir, forty Years agast.

*Fol.* Ons Mon speeke toll me i what Plece o Scotland wert tow boorn.

*Joc.* Geod Feith, gin meny Sir, I ha bien boorn fro Plece to Plece a me Moders Back, Sir, and ha seffered mickle Sorrow.

*Fol.* The fow Deelee tack thy large Lug, wha was thy Fader.

*Joc.* A Mon Sir, surely.

*Fol.* The black Deelee a was Sir, whar liev'd a?

*Joc.* A Sir, at a Plece your Honer kens mickle weele.

*Fol.* Whar Mon, whar?

*Joc.* A Sir, a Sir, what Plece caw ye that Sir, whar your Honer nurst the tyny Babe wi Wull on's Back, Sir?

*Fol.*

## *The Scotch Figgaries.*

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*Fol.* Oout tha faw Deelee, oout Rog—bet wha art tow Mon?

*Bil.* I'm een yar Contremon twa Sir, cam ta bien a Curtier ta Sir.

*Fol.* Ons a Curtier! a Carter, tha Hangmon, tha Deelee.

*Bil.* Ye ha geod Friends thar Sir, ye may dee mickle for us.

*Fol.* Dee Mon! bred, he that fall dee for thee fall ha enough ta dee; art geod for oought? wha canst dee for thy fell?

*Bil.* Een what ye sea, Sir.

*Fol.* Oout, thes is bafe, it shams your Contre, mind ye me; wha o ye swaine ha mest Wot?

*Joc.* He that sheft beeft.

*Fol.* Reight weele.

*Joc.* And that's een I, thes Feul had noot a Fece ta bag toll I bolden'd him.

*Fol.* Oout, oout Mon, sham Feeft.

*Bil.* Ne, ne, I fall grew bold enough gif I fall get oought by't.

*Fol.* Gif ye had Clad, Sirs, what Curs wad ye tacke to liew?

*Bil.* Ise cud mak tha King, blefs his Worship, an't lick your Honer, mickle geod Puttins an Pots-loose.

*Joc.* I'd bien oth Mint, Sir, I loove ta finger Siller.

*Fol.* Weele Sirs, cam away wy me, for Contresak Ise gat ye sum Purveyance, an sum Lodging, an tan we fall find oout sum Woork for ye emong 'um here.

*Joc.* Blefs your Honer for your Benefaits. (*Exit.*

[ *Enter Townshift and Traphier* ]

*Town.* Pray recollect yourself, I cannot do't.

Without a Loss to my Repute and Fame,

If you have but a Foot of Ground unfold.

Therefore consult your Thoughts, my Willingness  
Shall not be wanting to procure your Freedom;

But

But I'd not have a dirty Piece of Land  
Bring an Obstruction to't.

*Tra.* Why? as I live  
I have not an Inch left; what e'er I mortgag'd  
Is either sold out-right, or forfeited:  
I lye not, on my Credit.

*Town.* How's that Man?  
Have you Credit then? Why, that's as bad.  
It is not held convenient by the Huff,  
Lords of the Sword, that any Youngster should  
Be one of us 'till he has not only lost  
His Estate and Credit too.

*Tra.* Upon my Life,  
Dear *Townskift*, I've not Credit for a Thrrips;  
Thou know'st it well enough, my raging Laundress  
Will not do't for the washing of a Shirt.

*Town.* Why, have you Shirts then?

*Tra.* One as I live, no more, and that so thin,  
You may draw't through a Needle.

*Town.* What Boots have you?

*Tra.* I cannot call these any, yet th'are all;  
And as for Stockings, I have long ago  
Held them unnecessary.

*Town.* Why this Cloke,  
An th' Weather warm and friendly?

*Tra.* 'Tis too much;  
The Weight on't, I confess, is not to be borne;  
I'll ease me of the Burthen, it shall sink  
In Sack when I'm made free, prithee about it.

*Town.* I would not for the World you should  
have any  
Remnant of Estate left, 'twould undo you.

[ *Enter Drawforth and Pinck-carkase.* ]

See here's my Brothers, *Drawforth* and *Pink-carkase*.  
May I presume to recommend you to 'em?

*Tra.* You may, you may, dear *Townskift*.

*Drawf.* How now *Trapheir*,  
What is all gone yet?

*Town.* All he swears by's Twibell,  
His Cloke excepted, and its Time expires

Within



Within this half Hour; shall we make him free?

*Pinck. Trapheir*, you now are to begin the World,  
Which you cannot do handfomely, unless  
Your Land and you be separated, and if  
Ought lie conceal'd, 'twill rise in Judgment against  
you;

Therefore pray have a care, 'tis Christian Council.

*Drawf.* It is not fit the least Piece of your old  
Adulterate Fortunes should corrupt the new;  
Your Wit must purchase.

*Town.* Right, beside he'll ne'er  
Have a refin'd Wit till he has nothing left.

*Tra.* The greatest Enemy I have Gentlemen is  
my Cloke,  
And I promise I'll see it no more.

*Pinck.* Say you so, then to the next Tavern;  
Boy—Boy—a Room.

[ *Enter Drawer.* ]

*Draw.* Please you to walk into a Room Gentlemen?

*Town.* What call we thee for else?

(*They pass in and enter again.*)

*Draw.* How like you this Room Gentlemen?

*Town.* Indifferent; bring us Wine and Tobacco  
of the best, Sirrah.

*Draw.* You shall indeed, Sir.

*Tra.* Dear *Townsbift* thou must shew this Gentleman  
The Way to the Brokers. (*Pointing at his Cloke.*)

*Town.* Is he for Sale or Mortgage?

*Tra.* For Sale by all means, I'd not charge my Me-  
mory

I've ought left worth redeeming.

[ *Enter Boy with Wine.* ]

*Drawf.* Bravely resolv'd— Is't Racie?

*Draw.* Right Racie, Sir, believe me.

*Pinck. Trapheir* to thee.

*Tra.* Drink apace, dear *Townsbift*,  
The Sight of that same Gentleman's my Torture,  
I prithee rid me of him. (*To his Cloke.*)

*Drawf.* *Townsbift*, swear him.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* I cannot with safe Conscience swear as long as that appears before me.

*Town.* How shall I get it out o'th' House?

*Tra.* Leave thine here, and wear mine thither.  
O how I hate to call it mine—away with it.

*(Exit Townshift.)*

*Pinck.* *Trapheir* you now must exercise your Wit  
To live on others, as we've liv'd on you;  
Wit's never good till purchas'd, what though't be  
With the Loïs of Fortune's Trumpery and Trash;  
Content ne'er dwells among dirty Land; who sells it  
Parts with a deal of Care, and scurvy Toil;  
Men never are ingenious that are clog'd with it.  
The generous Spirit will not be coop'd up  
In that same Country Cage, a Mansion House,  
And Confines of the Buttery; be free,  
Thou art not worth a Groat  
When this is spent.

*[ Enter Townshift. ]*

*Tra.* How much, how much, dear *Townshift*!

*Town.* But Thirty, by my Valour.

*Tra.* Down with't, down with't;

*(The Money laid on the Table.)*

I'll not put up a Dodkin on't; dear *Townshift*,  
Drink, drink away, I thirst until it's melted,  
Your moulten Silver swallows best.

*Draxf.* His Oath, his Oath.

*Town.* Your Sword.

*(Lays his Hand on the Hilt of his Sword.)*

*By this Hilt, and this Blade,*

*Which at Hounslow was made,*

*You swear to be true*

*To what shall ensue.*

First, You swear not to make it any Scruple of  
Conscience to cheat your Father; That you will  
hunt after young Heirs, and when you have cours'd  
them out of Wind, you'il refresh 'em with some  
Scrivener, Broker, or Draper; That you'll keep  
always three Strings to your Bow, to make it bend  
till it break; That having gotten a Bubble or Bi-  
shop,

shop, a Lad of the last Adoption, that you make him sensible of a Wench, though to the Charge of a Surgeon, it being Reason all Trades should live, and if Occasion be, wink at small Faults. Next, be sure to keep them continually at Game, or Drinking; urge 'em to quarrel, and then take up the Business, but not without Profit to the Brotherhood: That what Quarrels soever arise among ourselves, must not cause us to fight with one another, but the Coin of the Bubble or Bishop must make us Friends; That you must not pay your Coachman but with Kicks, unless your Bubble or Bishop do, and then he owes you a Fare; That your Bubble, or Bishop, and you, keep but one Purse, though two Drabs; That when you have drained him dry, you make him free, if he sue for it; if not let him keep Company with the *Tityre tu's*, and live upon the Sin of *Sodom*; That you'll take your Chance of the Day, where there is need of Dipping without grumbling.

*That while you can stand  
With Sword in your Hand,  
You'll not be in awe  
Of the Halberteev Law;  
Kiss this — Now you're free  
Of the Huffs Company.* (*Kisses the Hitts.*)

*Tra.* Hey for the Brotherhood; no Wine stirring,  
Boy?

You Rascal, where's your Duty? absent? ha!  
More Wine.

[ *Enter Drawer.* ]

*Draw.* You shall Sir by and by.

*Tra.* Bring a Glass will hold  
A Pint at least. I hate a Thimble-full;  
We shall ne'er have consum'd this mighty Mass  
If we sip thus like Sparrows;  
Ay marry, this looks like some Brother to you all.  
(*Pointing to the Money.*)

[ *Re-enter Drawer.* ]

*Draw.* Gramercy.

*Tra.* Sirrah, cover the Board with Bottles, 'This

This is our Coronation Day, the Room  
 Shall swim in Wine; be frolick Huffs, and drain  
 Me dry, yet I shall live when you are all hang'd.  
*(He begins to be drunk.)*

*Town.* How now, how now, *Trapheir!*

*Tra.* Drink and be damn'd;

Must I wait on your Drivelling?

*Town.* Drawforth to you—Charge him home.

*Drawf.* *Trapheir*, a whole Bottle to thee—I'm  
 up to the Chin.

*Tra.*—So, so, Sir,—you are a fine Fellow; is all  
 paid?

*Town.* No, all's not come in yet.

*Tra.* I'll stay no longer.

*(He takes Townshift's Cloke up.)*

*Town.* Pray leave my Cloke behind you.

*Tra.* Your Cloke, Sir? how came it to be yours,  
 Sir? I have one some where.

*Town.* Yours is at the Broker's, Sir.

*Tra.* Is it so, Sir? I thank you for your Information.

*Drawf.* There lies the Vertue on't.

*Tra.* So Sir, I thank you twice, for once I care  
 not if I put my Cloke in my Pocket.

*(He snatches up the Money.)*

*Town.* But *Trapheir*, *Trapheir*.

*Pinck.* Who pays the House?

*Tra.* Let the House pay itself; dip, dip, and be  
 hang'd you that have Clokes, am I bound to fill  
 your inlariatte Gorges eternally?

*Pinck.* What Asses were we to let the Money lie  
 so long, knowing his rascally Humour, he'll not  
 pay a Penny when he's in drink—See what thou  
 canst work him to.

[ *Enter Drawer.* ]

*Town.* Boy.

*(They whisper.)*

*Draw.* Sir—I shall, Sir.

*Town.* *Trapheir*, a Prize, *Trapheir*.

*Tra.* Of what; Sprats?

*Town.* A Gudgeon Man, a Gudgeon's come to Net;  
 The Master of the House desires Admittance,

To



*The Scotch Piggaries.*

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To play a Game at Ticktack for a Piece;  
And thou know'st *Trapheir*.—ha—

*(He shakes his Arm.)*

*Tra.* I know it Rogue;  
And thou shalt play with him for all he's worth;  
I'll venture on thy Hand my whole Estate,  
This my trusty Blade. Provided always Sir—

[ *Enter Master of the House.* ]

*Town.* That you have half—'tis granted—he's here;  
Thou know'st I have no Money.

*Tra.* Thou shalt not want, dear Bully, I'll not leave  
My self a George. *(He gives him his Money.)*

*Town.* Spoke like thy self, come be so.  
There, Sir, pay your self.

*Master.* You are kindly welcome Gentlemen;  
fetch my Quart.

*Tra.* Death, what's this?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha—Only the Reckoning paid, Sir.

*Tra.* You are Rogues, Sharks, and Cheats; I'll  
indict you.

*Pinck.* Buoy good Sir, employ your Tongue at  
*Billingsgate*; adieu, adieu.

*(Exit Town. Pinck. Drawforth.)*

*Tra.* Farewel and be hang'd. For your Part,  
Sirrah, I'll have you up for keeping of a Bawdy-  
House. *(Exit.)*

*Mastr.* Do your worst Sir, do your worst. *(Exit.)*

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A C T II.

*Enter Folly, Jocky, and Billy very gallant.*

*Fol.* Y'ar mickle brow Sirs, y'ar mickle brow;  
bred, ye looke mere lick Burgeemasters  
noow thon Hedg Creepers; ken ye your fells Sirs?  
ken ye your fells Sirs?

*Joc.* Geod Feith, Sir, gif aw that sud ken them-  
fells, nen wad ken us; A me Saw Sir, I'd rader ha  
'um traft me thon ken me, fur gif thay sud ken  
me reight, thay'd sea me deed tofore thay'd traft me.

*Fol.*

*Fol.* Yar mickle wiſe Sir, ye ha rob'd a Feul Sir.

*Joc.* We wiſh you weele Sir, we wiſh you weele.

*Fol.* Sey ye ſa Sir? y'ar vary cheretable; ken ye me Sirs? Ons, ye are gron ſee looſty you'll knee ne Body; wha ſet you up in tha Deelee's Nam? wha, wha put theſe gay Fethers on your Back? eene I, an noow yol flee away to tha Deelee: Harke ye me Sirs, gif ye bien ſa high, Iſe tack ye down wy a Plague ta ye; wha had y'ar intail'd Virmine tane off ye wy a Murrain? wha, wha gat ye a —

*Bil.* Oour Faders and Moders, Sir.

*Fol.* Did thay ſaw Sir? bred, gif thay gat ye, thay ner cud gat Feod enough for yar ſide Weombs: Are you Provander-prickt noow Sirs? ha, wha am I? ha Sirs, ha, wha am I?

*Bil.* Oour geod Friend Sir, bliſſe you.

*Fol.* The Deelee wound ye, ſleight ye me? Ons Iſe ſa geod a Mon gas aw in *Scotland*, an ha mere Sil-ler in me Purſe.

*Joc.* *Angliſh* Stamp Sir, I bleev't.

*Fol.* Ye bleev't! wha tha Deelee cares for your Bleeff?

*Joc.* Geod Sir, geod Sir, be ſober.

*Fol.* Bred, Iſe not drunken? ha ye bien at coſt wy me Sirs? ha! Iſe fall uncass ye Sirs, an gee your Arſe tha Ayre agen; are ye ſa hot Sirs? want ye a Cooler? Bred, Iſe gee ye ſik a Rattle wy a Romore tha Riggins, ſall mack your Ribs reore Sirs.

*Joc.* Geod your Honor put up your Wroth, an wees buckle oour Wots; wees yar on Contremons ye knee weele enough.

*Bil.* Ad ſud leave won oder; y'ave a geod Meſter Sir, an oour Contremon, wha macks mickle o you.

*Fol.* Bred, an Iſe mack ſa mickle o hum as I can.

*Joc.* He's a geod Mon, Sir, an you ha Wot enough.

*Fol.* Ken you that Mon, ken you that? Ons, an ye bien not wud ye ma ha Wot ta chep enough; bet iſe ne Body, my Benefaits are noought woorth.

*Joc.*

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*Joc.* Y'ar aw Body Sir, wees at your Commandment.

*Fol.* Sey ye sa Sir? why, noow you speeke; be vis'd by me, an ye fall eout-wot 'um aw; mind ye me Sirs, will ye be avis'd?

*Joc.* Sed ye Sir, wy aw our Hearts.

*Fol.* Ise ha ye turn Dooctors.

*Joc.* Ise a Dooctor, a Dooctor; geod Feith wees mack braw Dooctors.

*Fol.* Mind me Mon, mind me, thes Kingdom's mickle sick, tha Curt o tha Cety, tha Cety o tha Curt, an tha Contre o beoth, an aw o 'um o tha Kirke, an tha Law; tha Kingdom's Livergon wy Iddlenes an Raches, an noow noought can cur it bet a *Scotch* Dooctor, ne matter for your Skill.

*Joc.* Geod Feith, Sir, wees ha Skill enough ta bleede its Siller Veins Ise warrant ye.

*Fol.* Ha bet confidence, lye, an dissemble handsomely.

*Bil.* Wees yar on Contremen, Sir, dooubt it not.

*Fol.* The Nam o a *Scot* gis enough ta cur aw their Maladies; ge 'um Peson, an thay'l tack it for a Cordal; perswad 'um thay ar sick thay'l beleeff ye, an gif ye mack um sick thay'l beleeff thare in beest Helth, bet ye mon carry sem shaw o holliness wy ye, an profess aw for thayr Geods.

*Joc.* Sa we fall Sir, an tack 'um whan we ha deon.

*Fol.* Billy fall gang toll th' Contre, an tow salt kep behind, an bien Dooctor here, an giff tow haft Wot enough tow canst noot wont Werk.

*Joc.* Ne geod Feith, Ise fall mack me sell Werk enough, for gif I can hel ne Distampers Ise mack enoough emong 'um. (*Exit.*)

*Fol.* Cam away than, cam away.

[ *Enter Trapheir and Boy.* ]

*Boy.* — 'Twas Morning ere he went to Bed, Sir.

*Tra.* — Ali's one; tell who 'tis, and 'twill be Warrant

Enough for your awaking him; 'tis Business  
I come about, and of Concernment too,  
That cannot admit delay.

*Boy.*

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*Boy.* I'll venture then to call him, Sir. (Exit.

*Tra.* Do so—If this Design  
Of mine prove prosperous, *Townshif*, it will be  
Some Comfort to me that I am even with thee.

[ Enter *Boy.* ]

*Boy.* He'll wait upon you presently,  
He's rising. (Exit.

*Tra.* A good Lad—*Townshif* arm thy self, for I  
am prepar'd  
To give thee an Assault, and dare thy Action  
At Law, if Wit and Sword should fail,  
Dear *Townshif*.

[ Enter *Townshif.* ]

*Town.* By this Light I have not slept  
A Minute; what's the News? you serv'd us bravely  
The other Night at Tavern.

*Tra.* Oh this drinking!  
This perillous drinking will destroy us all:  
Thy Pardon, my dear Heart, the Business now  
I come about will try thy Friendship.

*Town.* How?  
I hope no Quarrel.

*Tra.* Yes, with my base Stars.

*Town.* But what's the matter, tell me?

*Tra.* That's my meaning,  
A Sort of rascally Bailiffs dog'd me hither,  
And thou know'st if I be once taken, I am  
A Slave perpetually.

*Town.* What wouldst thou have me to do?  
We'll send to *Drawforth* and the rest.

*Town.* 'Twon't do,  
They'll make but a Disturbance in the Street,  
Yet I may be surpriz'd for all their Valour,  
And then I am undone; the Hopes I have  
In one I am to dine with is lost, which might  
Be worth to thee and me some hundreds, Bully.

*Town.* Send for him now, let him take up the  
Business.

*Tra.* What, ere I'm thoroughly known to him;  
besides,

Should



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Should he take this up, twenty more would follow it,  
Who knowing me so low now, do forbear  
To execute their Rigour.

*Town.* What wouldst have me do?

*Tra.* Hearke thee, I've thought upon a fine Deceit;  
Hast any Patches in thy Chamber?

*Town.* Rare ones,  
Of all Sorts.

*Tra.* One to disguise my Face, with a Cloke, would  
Do it to the Life.

*Town.* Sure they are gone, I'll send to see.

*Tra.* Oh hang 'em Rogues, they are sculking at  
th' Lane's End,  
Or some blind Alehouse—Dearest *Townskift* do't.

*Town.* Do what?

*Tra.* Lend me thy Cloke, and I'll contrive a Patch  
Shall cover my Left Eye, they may not know me.

*Town.* I know not what to do—I should go forth  
my self.

*Tra.* Nay prithee *Townskift*—

*Town.* Will you leave  
Your Sword then; you'll have no—

*Town.* Prithee wouldst have me  
Pass by 'em unprovided, put the worst  
They should descry me.

*Town.* There's no Trick in't *Trapheir*!

*Tra.* No more Trick in it than you see; I pri-  
thee meet me in *Fish-street*, at the *Feathers*, where  
we'll dine; there thou shalt see my Friend, and I'll  
restore thy Cloke, dear *Townskift*.

[ *Enter Boy.* ]

*Town.* Well, thou shalt have it—Boy fetch  
My Cloke and Patches— (*Enter Boy with Cloke.*  
'Tis thine, there take it. (*Gives it him.*

*Tra.* Gramercy; it's handsome!

*Town.* Very well; I must lie down and take a  
Nap; at Twelve  
I will not fail to meet thee. (*Exit.*

*Tra.* Sirrah, Boy, be sure you awake him.

*Boy.* I warrant you, Sir. (*Exit.*  
*Tra.*

*Tra.* Ha, ha, ha,  
 I'm sworn to cheat my Father, and 'tis fit  
 He that first made the Gin should handsel it. (*Exit.*  
 [ *Enter Smalfraith, Folly, and Jocky.* ]

*Smal.* — Sir, you are kindly welcome, and the  
 oftener

You visit me, the welcomer you shall be;  
 I honour Men of Knowledge. Master *Folly*,  
 I am oblig'd to you for his Acquaintance.

*Fol.* — Geod Feith, Sir, an he's worth yours ; I  
 fall play him wy any *Anglish* Dooctor in tha Warld.

*Joc.* Ne Sir, Ise can dee mere than Ise speeke, Sir.

*Smal.* — I believe you Sir,  
 By what I find of Truth within myself;  
 I must confess, I am not altogether  
 So right as I would, my Body tells me  
 I may admit of Physick.

*Joc.* Mickle weele, Sir.

*Smal.* I'm troubled with the Spleen, a strong Disease  
 Amongst us Magistrates, which makes me fear  
 'Tis not for Cure.

*Joc.* Ise cur it in twa Minutes gif ye ha  
 Bien trobl'd wy it twanty Years, an aw  
 Your Tribe gif tha'l cam toll me.

*Fol.* Ne, ne, he's right.

*Smal.* You'll do a wondrous Cure then.

*Joc.* I fall dee't o me Honor; bet that's noot aw  
 Your Maledy, ye are noot soound at Hert Sirs.

*Smal.* I know not that Sir.

*Joc.* Planty an Iddlenefs ha bred gross Humours  
 in you, whilke mon be poured away, or elke ye  
 dee for't; bet Ise fall ge ye that Sir, fall mack ye  
 bare an leight enough.

*Smal.* I thank you Sir; accept this, pray, and I  
 Shall further gratify; but be speedy,  
 Good Sir, with your Preparatives. [*He gives him Gold.*

*Joc.* Ise gang aboot it stret, Ise gang aboot it Sir.

*Smal.* Your Servant Gentlemen, I shall hear from  
 you Sir. (*Exit.*

*Joc.* Soone, mickle soone, Sir ;

Leoke

Leoke Mon, leoke aw thay bien sick o gis fike fin Things as thes, fiev golden Lads Mon, fiev mere are woorth a Leard's Land Sir; geod Feith gif their Vaines wul ran fike Droops as thes wees drain um dry — A simple Feuls, that ken noot whan th'are weelee, bet wull bien wasting thair Means toll set thair Boodies oout o frame — a Feuls, Feuls.

*Fol.* Ne Matter Mon, gif oought can be gut wy putting um oout o fram, tha Deele try his Skill to put 'um in agen for *Jocky*. (Exit.

[ *Enter Billy with a Crew of Country People.* ]

*Bil.* Kepe off Sirs — kepe off, ga me wund toll speke toll ye; Ise cam for aw your geods, mind ye me?

*Omnes.* Very well, very well.

*Bil.* Ise cur aw Diseases, aw manner o Maladies, an fall tack nought o ye for me Peyn bet your Siller; gif their bien ere a Kirke Prest emong ye choak'd up wy Pluraltes o Benefaits, tha Poowder in thes Pauper macks the Impostum breck, an tacks aw away clere — Gif any Prest bien vext wy tha Babylonish Mang, thes Purgation med in me non Contre, curs hum were he ner sa fer spent.

(*He disperseth his Papers.*

1 *Coun.* For our Doctor Sir, for our Doctor.

2 *Coun.* For our Vicar.

3 *Coun.* For our Parson.

4 *Coun.* For our Curate.

5 *Coun.* For our Bishops, Prebends, and Curates.

*Bil.* Gif eney emong ye bien troubl'd wy tha Neyce o Organs in your Lugs, thes Poowder curs you for ever.

(*He disperseth, &c.*

1 *Coun.* For our Town Sir.

2 *Coun.* For ours too Sir.

3 *Coun.* And ours, and ours, Sir.

4 *Coun.* And our whole County, Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney among ye bien blind wy tha Seight o Lawn Sleeves, thes curs and restores ye.

(*He disperseth, &c.*

1 *Coun.* For my Landlord, Sir.

2 *Coun.*

2 *Coun.* For mine too, Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine.

4 *Coun.* And mine.

5 *Coun.* And mine.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye ha tha Beon of a tith'd Soow's Babey stick in your Wund-pip, thes Saw curs you stret, an tak aw away. (*He disperfeth, &c.*)

1 *Coun.* For me Sir.

2 *Coun.* For me too Sir.

3 *Coun.* And me Sir.

4 *Coun.* And me Sir.

5 *Coun.* And me Sir, pray.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye bien trobl'd wy Heart Burnings, tha Poowder in thes Pauper curs ye stret.

1 *Coun.* For my Neighbour Sir.

2 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine too Sir, I pray.

4 *Coun.* And some for our whole Town, good Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney o ye bien fore wy ore mickle Burdens, an weary o your Riders, thes Poowder macks ye strong ta orethraw um, or ta bar greater.

*Omnes.* For us all Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny o your Stomacks bien opprest wy Law, thes Pell fall remooove tha Cause, an tack it away. Gif eney bien hard boound, thes fall mack mickle free.

1 *Coun.* For my Landlord Sir.

2 *Coun.* For mine too Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

4 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

5 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney emong ye bien trobl'd wy a scrvvy Mooth, thes tacks aw Felth away.

1 *Coun.* For my Wife Sir.

2 *Coun.* For mine Sir.

3 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

4 *Coun.* And mine Sir.

5 *Coun.* And my Mistrefs Sir.

*Bil.* Gif eney bien trobl'd wy a Loosnes, thes ties 'um test as a Rope or Hawter.

1 *Coun.*



1 Coun. For my Wife, Sir.

2 Coun. And mine Sir.

3 Coun. And mine Sir.

Bil. Geod Peple, noow I ha gau ye aw Remedies ta your Maladies, twa Dees hence Ise fall bien her or noot to sey whot Operation thay ha had upon ye ; Ise sur ye fall ha Remedy or non ; an sa far ye wall.

(Exit.

Omnes. Farewel, Sir, farewel.

(Exeunt.

[ Enter Trapheir and Witwud. ]

Wit. A pretty Place this.

Tra. But the Company !

The Company dear Coz hither resorts  
Gives Life and Sweetness to't ; the rarest Wits !  
So rare ! a Man may lose himself ere he  
Discover 'em—for they are not to be— [Aside.  
Discovered—Besides, the Women, Ladies  
Of such excelling Beauty, you would swear  
They painted—and not be forsworn, as merry  
As Cupid when he wantons.

Wit. And you spent  
Your Means amongst 'um ?

Tra. And spent rarely well !  
I've no Remorse for't. Can you sing ?

Wit. Not I Coz.

Tra. How Coz ? not sing ! why then you are no  
Company ;

We have a merry Life so long as it lasts.  
I'll lay my Life you fence not neither.

Wit. Yes,  
My Grounds I do.

Tra. Have you the Grounds of Fencing ? that is, to  
Make the Passado, to retrieve, comply,  
Defend, make-up, close, and disarm ;  
You know this I warrant.

Wit. Not I truly.

Tra. I cannot think what will become of you,  
When you meet Men of Valour.

Wit. I pray keep me  
Out of their Company, I love no Quarrels ;

I came to study the Law.

*Tra.* At a fine Time.

Y'ave bought no Books I hope.

*Wit.* Ay, but I have.

*Tra.* Return them to the Bookseller for shame;

A Sword will prove more useful: Hearkee Coz,

I am resolv'd to learn to fence.

*Wit.* I'd rather learn to sing.

*Tra.* That ye shall too:

[ *Enter Townshift.* ]

Your Money will do all Things—yonder's *Townshift*.

How like a Rogue he looks? I will not shun him. (*Aside.*)

And Cousin, as I was telling you

(*Townshift pulls him by the Sleeve.*)

*Town.* With your Leave, Sir.

*Tra.* 'Twas well ask'd, Sir,

What's your Will with me?

*Town.* My Cloke Sir—where's my Cloke Sir?

*Tra.* Even at the Broker's Sir—

*Town.* How!—you are a Rogue.

*Tra.* That's nothing Sir—your railing will not fetch it out again.

*Townshift* I love thee, thou know'st I do.

*Town.* A Pox upon you.

*Tra.* Thou know'st the Oath, I'm not to spare my Father.

And tho' we quarrel, yet we must not fight.

I'm punctual to my Oath; but if thou hast

The Conscience, I am ready. (*Offers to draw.*)

*Town.* Is he sunk forever?

*Tra.* No, it may rise again, if you be civil.

*Town.* Is that your Friend?

*Tra.* And Kinsman.

*Town.* Wilt thou cheat him too?

*Tra.* My Oath is past, I will not be forsworn  
For a King's Ransom.

*Town.* Nay then, I'm satisfied.

*Tra.* Come, be known to him—Coz, this is my Friend.

*Town.* Sir, I kiss your Hand.

*Wit.* I thank you heartily Sir.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Fie, Coz, fie, there's a Complement.

*Wit.* He does not look as though he needed ought,  
Save what thou want'st, a Cloke.

*Tra.* Good Wit, Coz, good Wit.

*Town.* Oh Rogue, how he claws him.

*Tra.* Where shall's dine?

*Wit.* I'll to the Ordinary.

*Tra.* Where?

*Wit.* In *Fetter-Lane*.

*Tra.* To feed on Bruis, and be serv'd with Linen  
As fable as the Chimney. No, we'll take  
A Coach, and hence to *Fish-street*.

*Wit.* What shall we do there?

*Tra.* Eat Fish; the World does not afford the like.

*Wit.* But the Coach is costly,

*Tra.* Pough, I'll be at that;

\*Tis said the Milk of Asses makes Men fat. (*Exit*.)

### A C T III.

*Enter Jocky and Mrs. Smalfraith.*

*Joc.* **F**Y Mastres, fy, geod Feith y'ar mickle oout;  
I ga hum noought bet convenable Stooft.

*Mrs. Smal.* Y'are a Rascal, a *Scotch* Horselēcch, a  
Doctor, a Dolthead: Oh the Madness of the Men  
of these Times; if any of them be but a little out  
of Temper, none can set them right but a *Scotch*  
Doctor forsooth, as though all the *English* ones were  
Fools. But Sirrah, Sirrah, it is well known my  
Husband [*She runs at him.*] was never distempered,  
till he came acquainted with such a Decoy as you—  
Curse on the Time— (*Weeps.*)

*Joc.* Geod Mastres, hark ye toil me.

*Mrs. Smal.* Hang you Rascal, my Husband was  
never troubled with Whimsies in his Head, nor  
never rail'd against his Superiors; he was ever a  
quiet Man, and an honest Man, and had the  
Love of the whole Court, and so had I too. Many  
a good Turn have the good Gentlemen done me,

which I must never expect now again, so violently my Husband is against the Government, but if he suffer for't, thou shalt not wear a Nose to thy Face; a Nose to thy Face said I? nay if there be a Sign-Post in all this Town I'll hang thee on't—Ah poor Heart.

[ *Enter Mr. Smalfaith.* ]

Here he comes—See what a Pickle you have put him in; my Fingers itch to come at thy Face, that ugly Face of thine. *(She runs at him.)*

*Joc.* A me Saw shee's a Deelee, and wull spell aw my Market gif I ser her noot lick him; thes ges o tha sam Powder, whilke gif sha smell ta, wull mack her sa lick him as may be.

*Mrs. Smal.* Sweetheart.

*Mr. Smal.* Oh, art thou there? 'tis well; there has been ne'er

A Pursuivant here yet to fetch me, has there?

*Mrs. Smal.* A Pursuivant for you! for what Cause Husband?

*Mr. Smal.* I am too honest, that is Cause enough. There is a Council-Table, Ye forsooth, And at it is contriv'd Men's Ruins—hah. *(Starts.)* Who's that? who's that? is't not for me they ask? I shall be lost quite, if I look not well about me.

*Mrs. Smal.* True, y'are in the Way to undo Yourself, and me, and all your Family. But this is thy Gin Rascal; Oh I could tear thee.

*(Runs at him.)*

*Joc.* Mistras ga me whil toll speeke toll ye; thes Wudnes o his, cam fro tha Corruption o his Hert: Aw that I ga hum was fike as thes, be me Saw, smeel Laddy, smeel Laddy.

*Mrs. Smal.* I have not Patience.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, be noot wud, smell toll it. *(She smells.)*

*Mrs. Smal.* Methinks 'tis very comfortable. *(Starts.)*

*Joc.* How doll ye geod Sir?

*Mr. Smal.* Oh Mr. Doctor, is't thee! art safe? 'Tis wonderful there's nothing charg'd against thee! There is an Office call'd the Green-Cloth too, Has no Man had thee there yet?

*Joc.*



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*Joc.* They ken me sa weele Sir— It warks brawly.

(*She starts again.*)

*Mrs. Small.* Hark you Husband, what is that you said but now? I believe it, what was't? the King is pestilent, wilful; hah! was't so? why then for ought I know, he must be beaten into better Manners.

*Joc.* Reight weel fed geod Feith.

*Mrs. Small.* Honest Mr. Doctor, pray come in Sir; You are the welcomest Man come to my House This Fortnight— Husband love him, has he not A taking Countenance?

*Mr. Smal.* No body at the Gate? (*Starts.*)  
I am posses'd with Fears and Jealousies.

*Mrs. Smal.* And well you may be Husband, I am sure You have had cause enough, good Man, I grieve, I grieve to think on't.

*Mr. Smal.* Mr. Doctor be advis'd;  
Pray go not unprepar'd; To-night you shall take My House for your shelter, Things work strangely.

*Mrs. Smal.* Sweet Mr. Doctor you shall be so welcome,  
It passes; truly, y'are a Man upright  
In every Thing I warrant, pray come in Sir.

*Joc.* Geod Feith, tha Cass is awter'd. (*Exit.*)

[*Enter a Crew of Country People.*]

1 *Coun.* Bring forth your Prongs Neighbours; All Men stand up for the Truth: And he that will lye on the Sunday, is not to be trusted the Week after; what say you Neighbours?

2 *Coun.* I say a Sunday's Lye may go as far as a Work-day's; my Reason is, it has more leisure to travel.

3 *Coun.* For my Part Neighbours let them lye that will, I have no more to do with a Lye, than a Lye has to do with me; if any lies with my Wife, it shall go hard but I'll do as much with his.

1 *Coun.* If, if he have one Neighbour.

3 *Coun.* Why, if he have none Neighbour, I must go without; no Man will be a Slave I think.

2 *Coun.* A Slave! who has such a Mind to let him

have it still: For my Part Neighbours, I'll work hard, earn my Bread with the Sweat of my Brows, none shall eat away the Fruit of my Labour, but I will sit down when it is done, and laugh, in despite of all the Cæsars in the World.

4 *Coun.* Hold a Pluck there Neighbour, 'tis ill playing with Edge-tools; that Word Despight comes not in handsomely, and may bring us all to the Pot.

3 *Coun.* What! have we a scabb'd Sheep among us? let's clear our Flock of him.

4 *Coun.* Hold, Neighbour, hold, I am for you with all my Heart, but give me Leave to speak to you; I am but a Fool 'tis confess'd, but Children and Fools tell Truth sometimes, you know.

*Omnes.* And what of that? and what of that?

4 *Coun.* I say again, 'tis dangerous meddling with Edge-tools; there's store of Trees hereabouts, and there may be Gibbets made of them, and you know well enough what Fruit Gibbets bring forth; I say no more, but be careful what you do.

*Omnes.* Away with him, away with him.

4 *Coun.* One Word more Neighbours, one Word more; it is not well to mock our Superiors, much worse to threaten them; for as I have heard, there was a Suit at Law commenced about a Fart.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, how, Man, how!

4 *Coun.* Why, I will tell you Neighbours. be but patient; there was a Fellow, I'll not tell his Name, was pissing against the Wall; the Mayor came by; now you know the Proverb, tell a Tale to a Mare, and 'twill let a Fart; but here the Case alters, for the Fellow let the Fart, and the Mayor took it in the Nose, and caused the Fellow to be carried to the Town-Hall as Prisoner.

3 *Coun.* The Mayor was a Horse, or a Whoreson Knave, what's this to us?

4 *Coun.* Now to the Suit.

2 *Coun.* 'Tis worn out, we'll have none of it.

4 *Coun.* Neighbours lay down your Prongs, take my Devise;

'Tis an old Proverb, be merry and wise. *Omnes-*

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*Omnes.* Away with him, away with him, we will break the Cords of our Slavery. (*Exeunt.*)

[ *Enter Jocky, Folly, and Anything.* ]

*Fol.* Thes gis tha Doctor, I toll'd ye o Sir,  
Mickle wise an holy, my non Contremon ta Sir.

*Any.* Sir the Character  
The Town receives of you, makes me ambitious  
Of your Acquaintance.

*Joc.* I complamen noot Sir, Ise down reight Scot;  
Aw Verity an Honesty.

*Any.* The better Sir.  
That Language is the freeest from Deccit,  
That carries most Simplicity.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Ise not sa simple neder.

*Any.* Pardon me;  
I speak not in that Sense, but have regard  
Unto the Metaphor; I don't conclude,  
'Cause the Organ of the Soul may be infected,  
The Soul must be imperfect; for I've known  
Men rarely endu'd, that Nature has deny'd  
The Benefit of Expression to.

*Joc.* Y'ar a Scollard Sir.

*Any.* And I presume you one. I have read something  
Of the Metaphysicks, though I took not on me  
The Function, or the Practice: But, no more  
Of that Sir; 'tis not Wisdom in a Man  
Unskill'd, to hold a Weapon against a Fencer.

*Joc.* Mickle weelee sed geod Feith.

*Any.* All my Discourse  
Draws to this Period; that is, you'd be pleased  
T'afford me your Opinion; something I ail,  
But know not what, save this, a Deprivation  
Of Breath, and find it prejudicial to my Calling.

*Joc.* You ha bad Lungs Sir, whilk mack ye short  
Wund.

*Any.* I could have told you that Sir; my Defect  
Proceeds from thence; but for the Remedy—  
I know my Failings.

*Joc.* You'll faw Sir intoll a Consumption very

foon Sir, gif ye tack noought ta kepe ye fro it ; aw the Dreegs o *Rome* mon be tane fro ye.

*Fol.* Geod Feith, gif he tack ye in Hand Sir, y'ar aw hole.

*Joc.* Y'ar ta fat at Hart Sir, Pluraletes bred bet Iddlenes, an Iddlenes bad Humors ; yee mon kepe a spar Diet Sir, an be brought low wy Purgations Sir, an whan tim sers ha sim Comfortives Sir.

*Any.* Sir, I shall trust my Body to your Care.

*Joc.* Bet Ise net trust me Saw to yours. (*Aside.*)

[ *Enter a Servant.* ]

*Ser.* Sir, Mr. *Soon-gull'd* desires you would come with the Doctor to him presently.

*Fol.* I fall swett Hart, my Jo ; Doctor you mon ta Mr. *Soon-gull'd* wy me.

*Any.* You are sent for Sir, I see.

*Joc.* Bet I fall ha ye in Mind Sir.

*Any.* As soon as may be—farewel Sir. (*Exit.*)

*Joc.* Fer noot Sir, fer noot. (*Exit.*)

[ *Enter Trapheir, Wirwud, and Townshift, Drawer with Wine.* ]

*Draw.* This is the best Room Gentlemen.

*Witw.* It stinks of Tobacco, don't it Coz ?

*Town.* How Tobacco !

Tobacco is Companion for a Prince.

*Wit.* I take none though.

*Tra.* Then you want Education ; fill Boy, fill.

*Townshift* to thee.

*Town.* Let it come.

[ *Enter a Drawer with Pipes and Tobacco.* ]

*Draw.* Sir, there's some Gentlemen in the next Room desires your Company.

*Town.* What are they ?

*Draw.* I think their Names be *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcase*.

*Tra.* Plain *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcase* ; Well admit e'm. Shall it be so Coz ?

*Wit.* I hope there'll be no quarrelling.

[ *Enter Drawforth, Pinckcarcase, and Wantwit.* ]

*Tra.* What if there be ?

Have



Have you not here your Men of Iron by you.

Can you be better back'd and brested Sir;

*Townskift*, the Rogues have got a Bubble.

*Town*. The more the merrier — your Servant,  
Gentlemen.

*Drawf*. This is our Friend, and desires your Acquaintance.

*Pinck*. Gentlemen, a Man of worth, I'll assure you.

*Wit*. What Countryman I pray Sir?

*Want*. An *Essex* Man Sir, your Servant.

*Drawf*. The better Flesh I'll warrant.

*Want*. I know not that Sir, I have nee'r been try'd.

*Wit*. Nor ne'er shall be for me.

*Pinck*. Drink, drink about.

*Town*. To thee *Drawforth*.

*Drawf*. A Health to my Friend's Mistress.

*Tra*. Well done, about with't.

*Wit*. I thank you Gentlemen.

*Tra*. What! not begin another?

*Wit*. I've drank too hard already; this same Glas  
and no more: Gentlemen, your Ladies Health Sirs.

*Pinck*. Why *Traphier*, whence this Gallantry?

*Tra*. What an idle Question

Is that of thee; why, who should do't, but this?

He sent his Taylor to take Measure of

The Buildings of our Bodies.

*Town*. And th' Appurtenances

Came to us by like Providence.

*Drawf*. Drink, Drink about.

*Tra*. Coz, let me give thee o're our Wine some  
Council;

You are a Landed Man, be careful what

Strange Company you keep; for there are Cheats,

And desperate Cheats abroad, will make no Con-  
science

To bring you into Bonds, and make you sell,

Or mortgage, all you have; take heed good Coz,

What Company you keep.

*Wic*. He that cheats me shall have good Luck Coz.

*Pinck*. When does your Taylor fit your Body with

A fashionable Suit ; this bears an antique  
And worn-out Date. A Gentleman of your Fortunes,  
And walk so like a Cow-driver ?

*Want.* I will have one 'gainst Sunday.

*Pinc.* Some six Yards makes me one to, let it be  
so ; ha !

*Drawf.* The like Proportion fits me, twelve us both.

*Want.* Well—it shall be done Gentle-men.

*(Begins to be drunk.*

*Town.* Drink, drink about, your Friend is gone.

*Drawf.* I'll send yours after him.

*Wit.* I-must-be gone, 'tis late.

*Tra.* No sure, What by thy Watch ?

*Wit.* The Hand is up-up-on-on-Twel-ve.

*(He's drunk.*

*Tra.* A pretty Watch, I prithee lend it me,  
To have another made by.

*Wit.* 'Tis a Watch-of—Price-Coz.

*Tra.* I would not borrow it else.

*Pinc.* What Store of Chink have you ?

*Want.* Money-enough, Money-enough.

*Pinc.* Lend me a Piece or two.

*Want.* There there, Boy.

*Drawf.* The like to me Sir, come, I shall, I shall.

*Want.* There-Sir. I'll-be-gone—

*Pinc.* The House, the House, to pay.

*[ Enter Drawer. ]*

*Draw.* Twenty-two Shillings Gentlemen, and  
you are welcome.

*Drawf.* Make it up five and twenty, and you  
two shall cast Dice which pays it—are all Parties a-  
greed—I know our noble Friend will not be back-  
ward. *(Exit.*

*Town.* Nor ours ; heroick Spirit wilt thou ?

*[ Enter Drawer with Wine. ]*

*Draw.* Here's more Wine, Gentlemen.

*(Exit Drawer,*

*Town.* About with it, about with it.

*Drawf.* The Dice, the Dice. *(They throw.*

*Tra.* Come, 'tis a good Throw Coz.

*Drawf.*

# The Scotch Figgaries.

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*Drawf.* But that's better Sir; your Friend pays

*Wit.* Hang him he cheated, he's a Cheat.

*Want.* Ne'er go not I, Gentlemen.

*Wit.* You lye, you lye.

*Pinc.* How, the Lye? will you take that?

*Want.* How shall-I-help it, pray?

*Tra.* Well done Coz.

*Wit.*—Hang him—he's—but a Country Puppy Calf.

*Pinc.* Throw a Pot at's Head.

*Want.* I shall-not-hit-him. If-I-do; I am-no-more  
Puppy-then yourself. *(Throws a Pot.)*

*Drawf.* Why, that was well done.

*Wit.* I'll-kick you Sirrah—I learn'd that of you  
Coz—

*Pinc.* Gallants expect to hear from us, and suddenly.

*Drawf.* A Coach there.

*Wit.* I hope, they—wait—not for us—hah!

*Tra.* What if they do? we fear 'em not, pay, pay;  
Boy there's your Reckoning. Call a Coach Boy.

*(Exeunt.)*

[ Enter Scarefool. ]

*Scare.* Ha ye Wark for a Scot Sawger, wha ha  
bien aw tha Wirld ore on's ten Toes; ser'd aw  
Religions, an can tha better be o eny. I ha kil'd  
tha Whar o *Babylon*, Body an Saw, brent aw her  
Rawlecks wi tha Feer o Zeale. I can carry twa  
Feces under won Hood: I can be a Sent, an I can  
be a Deel, gif ye ha Wirk for me; I ha seene a  
Powre o Riches in me Deys, but ha brought  
noought heom wi me bet St. *Andra's* Cross, Want,  
an Poverty.

[ Enter Billy and Jocky. ]

*Bil.* A Sir! the bonny Siller cam a pece, gif I  
told um a Tale, they'd ga mickle heeds; geod  
Feith won Pell ser'd aw Malades.

*Joc.* An wot Pell wos thot Mon?

*Bil.* The Pell o Sedition.

*Joc.* A, ken you thot Mon? tha sam fet tha Ma-  
gistrat an's Wife intoll Fears and Jealousies, turn'd  
tha

tha insid o tha Kirk Mon ooutwards, an noow's aw Gall, tha Cetesongis as bitter? tha Leyer cannot stond he's brought sa weeke wy my Purgations, and tha Curtier noot worth tha Gronda goes on; I ha let aw his geod as weele as his bad Bleod oout.

*Scar.* Saw ye Gentlemen, gif ye ha a Mind ta bien law'd, ken ye me Sirs?

*Joc.* How sud weken thee Mon?

*Scar.* Wha, noot *Scarefool* your Contremon?

*Bil.* Whar hast bien Mon?

*Scar.* Aw tha Wirld ore Sirs, an noow aw Pleecees are wary o me; ise cam ta *Anglond* toll seeke Wirke.

*Joc.* Here's Wirke enooch gif ye bien wise ta del wy tha Anglish Mon.

*Scar.* Geod Feith ise chet 'um thay wer ner fae chetted, show me toil 'um, whar liew thay?

*Joc.* In th' Cety, and Contre ta; marry, bet cam away wy us Mon, wees tack a Drink first, an tawke mere on't.

*Bil.* Cam away *Jo*, cam away.

*(Exeunt.)*

## A C T IV.

[*Enter Soon-gull'd, and his Wife Lay-me-down.*]

*Soon.* **D**OWN with this Babel-Builder, this Court Pride,  
Dagon and his Idolaters shall down.

*Lay.* Ay, down with 'em Husband, down with 'em; they have stood long enough; I am sure their long standing have made you come short many a Time and often, but I hope now Husband you'll take 'em down a Button-Hole lower.

*Soon.* Am I not a Man?

*Lay.* You think so Husband, I warrant.

*Soon.* Why, a King's no more.

*Lay.* Nay, is he that, Husband? troth I dare to say our Man *William* is as good a Man as the best of you;



you ; for as they say, a Man is a Man, and he has but a Nose on his Head.

*Soon.* Well, I am resolv'd *William* shall forth.

*Lay.* Forth ! how do you mean forth ? I hope you will not leave me unprovided at Home ? you know your own Business Abroad, and I am certain he can do your Business at Home better than your self — O ! Husband, Husband, here's the Scotch Doctor.

[ *Enter Jocky, Folly, Billy, Scarefool.* ]

*Soon.* Mr. Doctor, what News Mr. Doctor ?

*Joc.* Nengeod Sir, nen geod Sir, bet me Frond ha had hes casp pul'd ore his Lugs.

*Soon.* By whom, by whom ?

*Fol.* Wha, wha, bet tha prod Prelates Sir ? ife toll'd 'um o thair Knavery, and thay gar tack a- wey me Brawery ; bet though thay ha tacken away me Cot, sithay fall ner tack away me Conscience, that's holl an sound, an ned nen o thair Pachings o thair Preachments.

*Lay.* O wicked, wicked Children of Darknes !

*Joc.* Her's a Frond o min Sir, a Mon o Meight an Mettel, wha ha endured meny a Brunt and Storm, he fall stond betwixt ye in aw Harmes.

*Soon.* I shall be glad of your Acquaintance Sir.

*Lay.* True, truly Sir, you have a Face like a Man, you'll do the Business I warrant, let you alone, but gently to the Women Sir, for we are Twigs, and may be bow'd which way you list ; mere tender Twigs Sir.

*Scar.* Bred, bet sam o ye bien tooough enoough.

*Lay.* We are a long Time indeed a bringing up, but then we are soon cast down ; Women have tender Hearts, and tender Flesh, and tender Consciences, though noughty Men report we have none ; Husband shall they walk into the Parlour ; I do love to enter into Dialogue with these Gentlemen, they talk so prettily.

*Soon.* Ay, with all my Heart.

*Lay.* You will meet with Sir, fine Plunder among the Ladies ; you shall dine with us too—you may

may make me amends with a Court Smock; I look to wear one in Truth, they are so fine, and so perfum'd, it passes.

*Soon.* Come Sir, we'll discourse of our Affairs After we've din'd—you'll dine with us too Gentlemen?

*Joc.* Wees tack ye ot yar Word. (*Exeunt.*

[*Enter Anything, and Boys following him.*]

*Any.* Nay, you may do't Sirs, you may do't, you have Warrant for't; 'tis well enough known, the Pomp of the Prelates, the Whore of *Babylon* herself in her Feathers, the Kings of the Earth commit Fornication with her. Pluralities of Benefices make Men but idle, says Mr. Doctor, and Idleness makes you fat, and Fat makes you purisy, and so by Consequence short-winded; it is a Trick of *Rome* to starve our Religion: Let *Jezebel* be brought before the Elders, and the Whore of *Babylon* to the Whipping-Post, let her have Last upon Last; let her Smock be given to the Ragmen, it may come to be Paper, and her Condemnation writ in't; let the Whelps and the Cubs be brought to the Stake; bait 'um, bait 'um, bait 'um, I am your Warrant, saith Mr. Doctor.

*Boys.* Master Doctor's an Ass.

*Any.* Children you talk not like Men, you are but middling Christians, 'tis well known to the Parish.

*Boys.* That Bedlam's fit for you.

*Any.* Those that will follow me, let 'um follow me.

*I am now for the Truth,*

*And the Covenant in sooth.*

(*Exeunt.*

*Boys.* Hi, hi, hi, Stow the Friar, stow the Friar.

(*They sing, and follow him.*

[*Enter Downfal and Worn-out.*]

*Down.* You see what he has brought me to, my Crutches;

I was ever held an able Man you know;

Had my Tongue at Command, and my Head too;

But

But now they both are so enfebled, I  
Have scarce the Use of either ; If I had  
It were all one, the Country People are  
Bewitch'd into Belief, they have as much  
Reason and Law as I, and will become  
Their own Solicitors, and Council too.  
I cannot last long, but expect still when  
My Crutches will deceive me, and I fall  
To the Ground for ever.

*Worn.* — I am brought to nothing  
As well as you ; I little thought a *Scotchman*  
Could ever have drain'd my Veins, and Purse so  
dry ;

I am not worth the Ground I go on ; So  
Dejected are my Thoughts, my Spirit lost,  
And all the Hopes of my Recovery  
Extinct and buried.

*Down.* I should not have known you,  
Had you not told me who you were ; you are  
So changed from yourself. Oh those were Times,  
Worthy to call to mind, (though to our Grief,)  
When you and I, like Twins, deriv'd a Being  
From one another's Sustainance. The Monopolies  
That you projected, and I perfected!  
Like two expert Linners, the one employ'd  
To fashion the Face, the other to finish it.

*Worn.* — Ay, those were Times indeed, but all  
I got

Then, has been since consumed ; and I guess  
You are not much the better ; I am weary  
I protest of my Life, and would thank him  
Would do me so much Good as take it from me.

*Down.* — Patience is the best Remedy, where no  
Better can be obtain'd ; 'tis vain to crave  
The Thing we want when 'tis not to be had ;  
Your dancing Days are done, and all the Breath  
The *Scot* has left me scarce will heat my Fingers.

*Worn.* — And my Affliction does the more in-  
crease

To see my Friends disabl'd, as I am,

From

From helping one another, 'tis a Grief  
That's inexpressible, and not for Cure.

*Down.* — What Fortune sons, Content must  
sweeten, he

Is the best Man o'ercomes his Misery. (*Exeunt.*)

[ *Enter Smalfraith and his Wife.* ]

*Smal.* — For my Part, I am but a Man, and I  
owe but a Death, let them take it, as they say  
they will, give 'um good on't, let them come, let  
them come—where are they? Stand, stand, stand.

*Wife.* Husband now you talk of standing, pray  
let me lie down, and then let 'em do their worst,  
I defy 'em.

*Smal.* — And so do I, we'll to the Terret, Wo-  
man, and there we are secur'd against Devil and  
Pursuivant.

*Wife.* — I'm weary'd off my Legs with doing no-  
thing but running up and down in e'ry Nook  
and Corner, like a Rat for Fear of Catching.

*Smal.* — They are coming, they are coming ;  
let me come in Woman, let me come in.

*Wife.* I would you would come in Husband  
once, you have been out long enough to small  
Purpose I'm sure. (*Exeunt.*)

[ *Enter Surehold and Resolution.* ]

*Res.* Believe it, their Design aims at our Ruin ;  
And tho' the Cord may be somewhat finer  
Than ordinary, 'twill choke us at the last ;  
I hold naked Freedom better far  
Than an adorned Prison ; Golden Fetters  
And Iron ones produce the like Effect,  
What differs them is but Curiosity.

*Sure.* Into what a Lethargy has these rabble *Scots*  
Betray'd the People's Senses? tell them on't  
And they'll abuse you for't. Nay, though they see  
Distraction brought into their very Doors,  
They'll look on't, and not know it till they feel it,  
And then will tamely kiss the Rod that whipt 'em.  
A Nation proud and arrogant as the Beggar,  
That when h'as got a Bonnet above his wearing,  
Will



Will scarce bow to the Giver. All the Service  
They ever did this Nation was to help  
The People eat their Victuals, and share their  
Fortunes.

*Ref.* Th' are good for nought, but to eat, louze,  
and sleep,

And stink a Street up: Tell you Stories of  
*Don John of Austria*, the Mogul, Great Cham,  
Their Valour at *Madril*, *Levant*, or where  
You will; and this in some blind Chimney Corner  
In Fume and Smoke, rouz'd up with lanted Ale,  
Till that their Faces do resemble the Towns  
They set on fire; and yet dare not encounter  
A Rat or Weezel.

*Sure.* — Yet the World reports  
Them, Men for Siege the best, and can endure  
The greatest Hardship.

*Ref.* Very true, if they  
May but lie still they'll feed on one another,  
Rather than venture on their Enemy  
To get the least Provision, and indeed  
The worst will serve their Turn, for they are Men  
Love any thing but beating, yet they'll take  
That too if need be; take 'em down a little,  
And you may fillip dead a Score of them.  
It is a Shame the *English* should become  
Such Mules to such base Burthens; I'm resolv'd  
To turn the Chance of the Day that favours them,  
Though to the Hazard of my Being.

*Sure.* — 'Twill  
Be tane a Piece of Service fit for Chronicle,  
And you shall want no Furtherance.

*Ref.* If I bring not  
The Soldiers, Doctors, and their Crew of Cheaters  
As tamely to be hang'd as Puppy Dogs,  
Let me receive no Credit from you after. (*Exeunt.*  
[ *Enter Soon-gull'd and a Seminary Priest, going to*  
*weigh the Covenant with the Pope's Bull.* ]

*Soon.* Sir, though I hate your Bulls, and your  
Decoys,

And

And know you have two Ends to all your Ways;  
 I fear you not, for Truth will shew herself  
 In Spight of all the Clouds you cast upon her.

*Sem.* You are in th' Right. Truth will appear,  
 and that

To th' Shame of your trim'd Covenant; for though  
 She be but plain, she is more glorious  
 Than all the Gloss and Colours that set forth  
 That new Devise, created to deceive  
 Poor simple People, and at last your selves.

*Soon.* These are but bandying, I'll pursue my Wa-  
 ger.

*Sem.* I'll venture Ten Pound more y'are lost in  
 weight.

*Soon.* You'll lose your self Sir, with your Confi-  
 dence.

*Sem.* Bar Treachery and I care not. (*Exeunt.*  
 [*Enter* Trapheir, Witwud, and Townshif.])

*Wit.* I cannot endure this fighting Coz, a Dad.

*Tra* Pox take your Dad; is that an Oath for a  
 Gentleman?

A Lad at Ten swears more profoundly; you'll  
 Be quarrelling, and then you dare not fight;  
 As though I were a Wail of Steel or Brass,  
 To stand betwixt you and receive the Darts  
 Cast at you; Sir, why did your Cowship send  
 An Answer to your Challenge, if you found  
 Your Blood so cool and phlegmatick?

*Wit.* 'Twas your doing, — I had not had the  
 Heart else. (*Aside.*)

*Town.* For Preservation of your Honour, Sir,  
 Could you do less than answer him?

*Wit.* What was he  
 That brought the Challenge?

*Town.* Pinckarcase by Name.

*Wit.* a devilish Name, and full of devilish Ends;  
 This Fighting is not lawful; prithee Coz  
 Take up the Matter, I have little maw to't.

*Town.* What, now the Hostage Reputation  
 Is past, will you recant, reneage, revoke,

Recoil,

Recoil, revert? stand to your Principles.

*Wit.* I shall not stand an Inch of Ground believe me.

*Tra.* 'Tis pity th'art worth any; let me see,  
How shall we do't with Honour?

*Wit.* 'Tis no Matter

For that thing Honour? let her walk alone,  
I don't desire her Company on such Terms,  
Sweet Coz, sweet Coz.

*Tra.* Let me see — I'm resolv'd  
That you shall fight him.

*Wit.* Coz, I had forgot  
I swear, a strange Infirmity, that <sup>is</sup>  
I zound when as I hear a Gun shot off,  
And tremble at a Pistol's, all my Senses  
Become as useless.

*Town.* Why, 'twas your own Motion.

*Wit.* No Matter, 'tis but so many Charges lost,  
I will not fight with Bullets, I've more Conscience.

*Tra.* Why, then you must prepare a Case of Ra-  
piers,  
For *Township* and myself; ours are grown dull  
With often usage.

*Wit.* Oh the better Coz!  
They'il do less Mischief.

*Tra.* Then your Fencing Master  
Must make you at your Chamber fit for th' Field.

*Wit.* That's past his Skill I'm sure; more Charges  
Coz.

*Tra.* It cannot be avoided, if you mean  
To fight on Foot, and put off your Horse Combat.

*Wit.* In my Mind 'tis Horse-play to fight on  
Foot;

But heark you Coz, don't you make winking at  
That Weapon ye call sharp, I'm not so set.

*Tra.* Fie, winking, no, how will you see to hit  
him?

*Wit.* No matter so he hit not me; but mayn't I  
Bar Points being the Challenged?

*Tra.* That's base, and Player-like.

*Wit.*

*Wit.* I'd rather play so, than work otherwise.

*Town.* Come, come, resolve, you know the Time draws near.

*Wit.* I would it did not, I love not to think on't. Can we throw nothing in Time's Way to make Him stumble and stop a little.

*Tra.* Resolve upon your Weapons ere he be Furnish'd with Horse and Pistols.

*Town.* I'll lay my Life he's that already, then 'Twill be unworthy in you to —

*Wit.* Good Sir, talk not to me of Worthies, my Father was none of the Nine; he ne'er kept Company with your Huffs, nor Puffs; he could drink in a Tavern and ne'er quarrel about the Reckoning; he liv'd without Knocks, and in the Love of the Parish.

*Tra.* But he has left a quarrelsome Son behind Must pay for all.

*Wit.* I shan't stand much upon That Point, so I may be discharg'd from Beatings. Methinks a Skin set out with Eylet Holes Appears not handsome, nor a Face to be Painted with Black and Blew; I hate those Colours.

*Town.* What will you give him shall take up the Business without Loss to your Honour?

*Wit.* A Man cannot lose That which he never had? My Father was A Man of Bags, and might have been a Knight When Knighthoods went a begging.

*Town.* But to the Matter, What say you to my Proposition?

*Wit.* Troth, It sounds well, let me see now what in Conscience You will demand?

*Town.* But Twenty Pieces.

*Wit.* So!

To save a Man from beating; very good! How many such d'ye meet with in the Year?

*Town.* Hundreds, Hundreds Sir.

*Tra.* Men must live Coz, Men must live.

*Wit.* Any where but on me (good Coz;) but Sir, Before



Before my Coz here, I'll give you ten.

*Tra.* Ten is too little in all Conscience Coz.

*Town.* Consider Sir the Danger.

*Wit.* And the Charge

Already I've been for Horse and Pistols;  
But those I hope you will return me, when  
The Peace is made.

*Tra.* Not one, expect not one,  
Th'are forfeit Goods to us Lords of the Soil.

*Town.* 'Tis true, y'ave been at Charges, and for  
that

Reason I'll undertake it at your Rate;  
Forbid, but I should bear a Conscience too.  
Meet us at the Mairmaid.

*Tra.* At the Hour of Twelve.

*Town.* The precise Time.

*Tra.* Cozen, he will deserve it.

*Wit.* Would I had his Art

To live by when I and my Fortunes part. (*Exeunt.*

[ *Enter Wantwit, Drawforth, Pinckcarcase.* ]

*Pinc.* He is the Challenged, and justly may  
Design the Way of Fighting, and the Place;  
But though you have provided us with Horses,  
Swords, Pistols, and so-forth, yet there's a Thing  
Call'd Money we do want, put the Case he should  
Fall by your Hand, in what a Case were we?

*Drawf.* Suppose that you should fall?

— Ay, there's the Danger.

*Drawf.* We must fly for't, and that we cannot do  
Conveniently, without a Sum; the Oratory  
Of Silver makes our Passage free and safe,  
The want of it detains us; open, open  
Your close-mouth'd Bags, and let them speak to us.

*Want.* Troth Gentlemen, I'll tell you, and I lyenot,  
Th'ave got a Hoarseness since they came to Town,  
And speak so low a Man can hardly hear 'em.

*Pinc.* One Mortgage Sir will raise their Voice again.

*Want.* Well, well, he might have ta'ne another  
Way

To work; had I been he, and he been me,

I would have ask'd him Mercy.

*Drawf.* But you see

He is a Man of Spirit, Spirit, Sir!

*Want.* I would he had no more than I; a Gnat  
Is better furnish'd; I have heard my Mother  
Protest, and solemnly, I had a Heart  
No bigger than a Hazel-Nut.

*Pinc.* — Why saw she'r?

*Want.* No, but she felt it; 'tis an Imperfection  
In Nature I can't help, and 'tis as cold  
I warrant as a Cucumber.

*Drawf.* And riseth  
So little in your Stomach!

*Mant.* Troth as little  
As may be Sir; how shall I heat it Gentlemen?

*Drawf.* Drink Wine and Drab.

*Want.* Why, So I do, you know;  
Yet when the Flame of drinking's o'er, I fall  
Into the Noose of Taverns, like a Pidgeon.

*Pinc.* Only then y'ad best fight when y'are drunk.

*Want.* And so  
Be hang'd when I am sober; no, I bear  
Too great a Conscience.

*Drawf.* If it be a Burthen  
Too hard to bear, we'll teach you how to throw  
It off, and live as we do without any.

*Want.* Take up this Quarrel Gentlemen, and have  
My Heart for ever.

*Pinc.* What to do, to throw to  
The Hounds you starve? yet that so little, 'twill  
Not be a Mouthful; 'tis your Money we  
Value the most, let your Heart go as it came.

*Want.* Why, I shall mortgage next Week.

*Pinc.* Are you serious?  
May we give Credit to you?

*Mant.* I've Occasion.

*Drawf.* Thou shalt have more rather than want,  
my Bully;  
We are thy Guardians; who assaults our Ward  
Suffers, unless he be on a sure Guard. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT

A C T V.

*Enter Jocky and Billy.*

*Billy.* **B**RED, thos *Anglish* ar Deeles, w'are aw  
loft Men; aw oor Knavery is oout, nen  
wull rack oor Parts; tha Cetezens hong thare  
Heds doown lick Bull Rushes, an won noot bien  
sen for us.

*Joc.* Hoow cam thay in tha Deele's Nam sa aw o  
won Mind? Ife fur Ife ded whot Ife cud toll mack  
'um het on oder ta Deeth; tha Deele fer 'um, thar  
lick Serpans, that gif ye smit 'um afunder wull  
joyne agen.

[ *Enter Scarefool with his Sword drawn.* ]

*Scare.* W'are aw loft, sheft, sheft, tha Deele's a  
coming toll rare tha Covenant, sha yeere Heeles,  
sha yeere Heeles, spang away Sirs, spang away.

(*Exit running.*)

*Joc.* Ons gif tha Men o War flee, whar fall we  
hid our sells——Aw Sir, Sir.

[ *Enter Resolution with two or three Soldiers.* ]

*Ref.* Take them into your Custody, they are  
Your lawful Prize. (*Exit.*)

*Bil.* A Sirs, a Sirs, geod Feith wees ment ne bad.

*I Sol.* What Mr. Doctors' have we found you?  
Who can cure the Citizen of his Head-ach but the  
*Scotch* Doctor? Who their Wives of the Tooth-  
ach but the *Scotch* Doctor? 'The *Scot h* Doctor is  
all in all; the Kirk will take no Physick but of the  
*Scotch* Doctor; the Country will be cheated by  
none but by the *scotch* Doctor; the Court and Gen-  
try will be beggar'd by none but the beggarly  
*Scotch* Doctors; come away and be hang'd. (*Exeunt.*)

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy Sirs, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

[ *Enter Scarefool running with his Sword drawn.* ]

*Scare.* Hawd, hawd, hawd, hawd Sir. (*He trembles.*)

*Ref.* Nay, I don't intend  
To take the Advantage of you as I may,

I owe a greater Honour to true Valour;  
 I heard nobly of your Countrymen,  
 And therefore to assure my self Report  
 Lyes not I have expos'd my Person to  
 This single Hazard. *(he trembles.*

*Scar.* A Sir I dee leov you;

*Resol.* And I shall love thee too, if that I find  
 You prove as gallant as you've spoke yourself:  
 Consider what Dependances are on you,  
 Whom you've involv'd by your large Promises  
 To this Engagement; let them see you dare  
 Do something for their Money.

*Scar.* Be me Saw Sir

Y'are a mickle Gallant Mon, Ise thra me Sward an  
 Hert at your Feet Sir.

*Resol.* That's base, not Soldier-like; Submissiveness  
 In this Case speaks you Coward, and if so,  
 My Breath has been ill spent; what, will you fight?

*Scar.* Noot a neust ye Sir, geod Feith I leave a  
 Anglish Mon wy aw my Hert. A Sir, A Sir, send  
 aw reight, send aw reight — her tack me Weppon,  
 Ise your non Prisoner Sir geod Feith.

*(He offers his Sword.*

*Resol.* Since thou art so base,  
 And not fit for a noble Treaty, take  
 This, this, and this. *(kicks him.*

*Scar.* A geod Sir, use me like a Gentlemon.

*Resol.* A Gentleman, a Swineheard, hang ye, go,  
*(kicks him.*

The Bubble's broke the Wind gave Being to.  
*(Exeunt.*

*Within.*

Y'are welcome Gentlemen, shew a Room there Boy.  
*[Enter Trapheire, Witwud, Townshif, and Drawwer.]*

*Tra.* Sirrah, there will some Gentlemen ask for us,  
 Direct 'em hither.

*Draw.* I shall Sir; what's your Wine?

*Town.* Sack, Boy, the quickning Sack; and such  
 Tobacco

As may inspire a Spirit into Clay,

Quick,



Quick, and as sharp as Lightning.

*Wit.* Oh good Sir,

I can't endure to think upon a Storm;

Talk not of Lightning, it does bode some Quarrelling?

The calmest Language is the best, when there's A Peace intended.

[ *Enter Drawforth, Pinckcarcase, Wantwit, and Drawer with Wine.* ]

*Tra.* Here they come; now Coz

For your Honour seem somewhat averse

To an Agreement; carry yourself stoutly,

With an unalter'd Countenance.

*Wit.* 'Tis not in

The Power of human Frailty.

*Tra.* — Gallants welcome;

Y're Men I see for Credit.

*Want.* What must I say?

*Drawf.* Carry your self manly.

*Want.* What would I give now for an Inch of Manhood!

( *Drawf. Tra. Town. and Pinck. whisper.* )

How he does Eye me! would I had a Look

But half so piercing, I'd encounter then

With Basilisks; it carries Daggers in't

Will penetrate a Coat of Mail; there is

No Safety but in Distance.

( *Witwud and Wantwit stare at one another.* )

*Wit.* How he looks at me!

With such an angry Countenance, as though

He meant to satisfy himself upon me;

But if he knew but what a piece of Flesh

He had to deal with, he'd not be so greedy;

I was not cut out for a Royster; sure

Nature ne'er meant me for the Field, unless

To call my Cattle Home, or try my Hounds.

I am so great an Enemy to a Sword,

I wear none when I ride: Oh, how yon Fellow

Would spur me like a Mushroom, could he get

Me but alone; but he shall be hang'd first.

C

*Tra.*

*Tra.* What, all this while and speak not to each other?

Why, you have Hearts of Oak: Not bow, dear Coz!

*Wit.* I cannot help it.

*Town.* Come, we must have you Friends.

*Want.* With all my Heart Sir.

*Wit.* How's this? the Man's bewitch'd;  
See what the Gold can do.

*Wit.* If you please Sir, I am your humble Servant.

*Tra.* And what say you Coz?

*Wit.* Hum, I smell't, 'tis so,  
The Fellow is a Coward on my Life.  
Are they not all so? 'tis a Blessing then.

*Drawf.* Come Sir, our Friend is willing to pass by  
All the Affronts you gave him, if you'll wave  
His Challenge.

*Wit.* I'll wave nothing but my Sword  
Against my Enemy.

*Town.* Shall we be Friends?

*Wit.* A friendly Blood runs not yet current in me;  
Be challenged by a Dunghil-Cock? I scorn it.

*Tra.* Why, this is rare! Coz, I'll spit in thy  
Mouth.

*Pinc.* Sir, 'tis your Friend's Desire as well as ours  
To prevent Bloodshed.

*Wit.* — Let such Things as you,  
That dare not waste their Blood, be sparing on't;  
For my Part, I'll not value it if he tap  
From me a Pail-full.

*Tra.* Who the Devil conjur'd  
Up such a Spirit in him?

*Pinc.* Your Friend's grown——  
Take him down, or by this Light  
I'll kick him.

*Tra.* Pough, let me alone for that.

*Want.* The Gentleman grows angry, I'll be gone.  
(To Drawforth.)

*Drawf.* Hang him, a Coward, a meer Coward,  
Friend.

*Want.*

*Want.* How, a Coward! he speaks not like one;  
I would his Hands were ty'd behind him, I  
Would make a Trial on't; but he has Teeth  
Strong as the Tusks of Boars, and Legs more stiff  
And big than any Bed-Post; I should do  
No good upon him.

*Tra.* Come Coz, throw  
Your ranting Habit off, the Scene of War  
Is past, and now put on your Robe of Amity,  
The Bride-Garment of Peace.

*Wit.* — Peace! who shall Peace?  
'Tis Sawciness to tell me so.

*Tra.* How's this!  
You Worm! 'sight, if I lay my Hands  
Upon you once, I'll tear you into nothing,  
You cowardly simple Puppy. Sirrah, I'll—  
(*He takes him by the Shoulder.*)

*Wit.* Not so loud good Coz;  
You know I have but follow'd your Directions.

*Tra.* Be hang'd, and over done it, ha'n't you  
Sirrah?  
The Gentlemen shall know you have not Spirit  
To look a Cat in the Face, if that you be not  
More sociable.

*Wit.* — Good Cozen I'll do any thing.

*Tra.* Well, I have brought him to't with much  
ado;  
Here, shake Hands, Sir, you must be Friends.  
(*Takes Wantwit by the Hand and brings him to Witwud.*)

*Wit.* Well, if I must, I must, Patience is a Virtue,  
And I'll embrace it—I am your Friend, Sir.

*Want.* I shall never be your Foe, Sir.

*Wit.* So said, and so done Sir, will do well.

*Tra.* The Rascal acts it handsomely.

*Pinc.* To your Credit:  
Ours is the filliest Rogue.

[ *Enter Drawer.* ]

*Drawf.* Boy, more Wine;  
Would we had Musick here to celebrate  
This Nuptial.

*Draw.* I will fend for some.

*Tra.* Do so; come, here's to the married Couple.

[ *Enter Fiddlers.* ]

*Wit.* I do believe we both can't get a Boy  
Will prove a Soldier.

*Pinc.* Ah Sirrah, are you there?

*Fid.* I am your own Man, Sir.

*Pinc.* Let's have a good Air, but drink first.

*Town.* Drink about Gallants, what the Musick  
dulls you;

Hast e'er a new Song Fellow?

*Fid.* Yes, of the Scots coming into *England*.

*Tra.* That, that by all Means.

*Fid.* Please you to hear me—'tis but a Ballad put  
to

One of their own Tunes.

*Pinc.* The better, the better, let's hear't.

### S O N G.

**C**AM lend, lend y'ar Lugs Joes, an Ise speeke a  
Song.

Sing heom agen Jocky, sing heom agen Jocky.  
O hes bonny Deeds, an hes Prowes emong;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Jocky.

Sirs Jocky's a Mon held o mickle Note,  
Sing heom agen Jocky, &c.

Tha Breech o tha Covenant stuck in hes Throte;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

For Jocky wes riteous, whilke ye wad admire;  
Sing heom agen, &c.

He foought for tha Kirke, bet a plunder'd tha Quire;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

An Jocky waxy roth an toll Anglond a cam,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Fro whance he'd retorne, bet alack a is lam;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

*An*



An Jocky wes armed fro Top toll Toe,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Wi a Poooure o Men, an th'are geod Duke I tro;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Sa valent I wis thay wer, an sa prat,  
Sing heom agen, &c.

Ne Cock nor Hen durst stond in their Gat;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

In every Streete thay ded sa flutter,  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.  
Ne Child dorst shaw hes Bred an Buttter;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Noow whan oor Ferces thay herd on ore Night;  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Next Morn thay barnest themsels for a Fight;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Thare Deuke was tha Mon that wad be sen floote,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
He fec'e't us a while, first twurn'd Arfs about;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

Our Men that ater thes valent Scot weat,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Had ner fond him oout bet by a strong Sent,  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Jocky.

Tra. Ha, ha, it's good enough for the Subject.

[Enter Drawer.]

Pinc. Drink about, drink about; More Wine Boy;  
Here Witwud to thee.

Town. Let's discharge the Musick.

Wit. With all my Heart.

Town. There you Rascals.

Fid. Thank you Gentlemen.

(Exeunt Fiddlers.)

Drawf. Trapheir to thee.

Tra. Let it come, a Pint and thou dar'st:

*Pinc.* Art mad, *Trapheir* is drunk enough, he'll be Not Company for a Dog immediately.

*Tra.* To your Mightiness Sir.

*Pinc.* I shall pledge your Highness — to you Sir.

*Wit.* Excuse me pray Sir, I am almost spent.

*Pinc.* Not pledge me!

*Tra.* No, he shall not pledge you Sir;

What then? he is my Friend.

*Pinc.* But why should he

Be more excus'd then ours? will you drink for him?

*Tra.* Not, neither Sir.

*Pinc.* Then he shall pledge me Sir.

*Tra.* He shall not Sir.

*Town.* Nay *Trapheir*, what dost mean?

(*Pinc. throws the Pot at him.*)

*Tra.* Hang him Turd — are you good at that Sir?

I shall return you Answer by this Messenger. (*Draws.*)

*Wit.* Good Coz no fighting; I will drink a Gallon Rather than lose One Drop of Blood — it is

Too precious for the Floor to drink. (*Enter Drawer.*)

*Draw.* Gentlemen your Noise has drawn Soldiers into the House, they are coming up; as many as can, get into that little Closet.

*Pinc.* I would not be in Custody for a Million;

The Road, the Road —

[*Tra. Pinc. Town. and Drawf. get in.*]

*Drawf.* That's all our Faults, in, in.

*Wit.* Where shall we be?

[*Enter Soldiers.*]

*Sold.* Where's all these Huffs — what you two make this Noise? hurl Pots, break Glasses, you are Youths indeed; Is this a Time of Night for you to rant in? come you must with us. (*Exeunt.*)

*Want.* Nay good Gentlemen —

[*Enter Drawer.*]

*Drawf.* Gentlemen you may come forth, the Coast is clear.

*Tra.* Where's the two Gentlemen?

*Draw.* They've ta'en 'em with 'em.

*Pinc.* Did they pay the Reckoning.

*Draw.* No Sir.

*Tra.*

*The Scotch Figgaries.*

55

*Tra.* A Pox upon you, why did you not ask 'em for't?

*Draw.* I durst not Sir, for Fear they should say, The rest of their Company was above.

*Pinc.* 'Tis right, the Devil's on't, this was your doing *Trapheir*, will you pay the Reckoning now?

*Tra.* Not a Penny, I'll keep unto my Oath, throw who shall dip or pay if you will. (*Townshifft throws.*)

*Pinc.* Here's Dice, throw — Twelve — hang ye Rascal — Now my Chance — 'tis passable — throw.

(*Pinc. throws. Drawf. throws.*)

*Drawf.* Mine is the worst.

*Tra.* But mine's the worst of all — Sirrah, Boy, will you take this Cloak for your Reckoning?

*Draw.* I know not Sir whether I shall or not.

*Tra.* You shall not Sir, now you know, as long as such Spankers last; what's to pay? (*Shows his Money.*)

*Draw.* But Thirty Shillings Sir.

*Tra.* Death! but Thirty say'st thou? well there 'tis, I shall be even with some Body.

*Town.* This was handsome *Trapheir*. (*Exeunt.*)

[*Enter two or three Servitors, Domuch, Surehold, Resolution, Scarefool, Jocky, Billy, Smallfaith, and his Wife, Soon-gull'd and his Wife, Anything, Downfall, Wornout, Seminary, publick Notary.*]

*Ser.* Make Room for the Magistrates;

The Prisoners there —

*Do.* Which are the Prisoners?

*Resol.* These Sir.

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy, Mercy, Master Judge.

*Sure.* What are those?

*Resol.* The Subjects on which these Villians practis'd their Subtilties and Deceits; first, I shall tender my Charge against 'em, than produce my Evidence.

*Do.* Very well, very well, proceed.

*Resol.* In brief Sir then, they have infected most Part of this Nation; here's a Thing,

(*Pointing to Small.*)

A Man of Reputation once, and bore

A Place amongst you.

*Sure.* I do pity him.

*Resol.* And now is fit for no Place except Bedlam:  
Here is another, a Man you would think

*(To Anything.*

The Devil would not work upon, and yet  
These Scotch Ones have. The Lawyer Father of  
Contrivances, is noos'd in one himself;  
He cannot stand without his Crutches, and  
His Head's so light his Nose is every Minute  
Ready to touch the Ground.

*Sure.* What is that Gentleman? *(To Wornout.*

*Resol.* Do you conceive him one? have they left  
ought

Upon him like a Creature? may we swear  
He is a perfect Man, no Ghost? 'tis hard.  
The Hurryings he has had with sleepless Eyes,  
Continual Purgations, Bleedings, what not,  
That they could but invent to bring him low;  
He's all's left of a Courtier, and deserves  
Your Pity; there's no double Doors betwixt  
His Heart now and your Eyes; he's so transparent  
You may see through him. 'Tis not these alone  
Th'ave brought to this, but all the Country People,  
Both common Sort, and Gentry.

*Do.* What say you for your selves?

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, wees leave tha  
Anglish mickle weele.

*Sure.* Yes it appears so; wee'll requite your Love,  
But cannot say, with your own Coin, because  
You never were worth any, but we'll find  
A Way to pay you Home.

*Resol.* When they had thus  
Spread their Infection, they began to think  
Their Safety would not last without the Soldier  
And to that End and Purposes do persuade  
The giddy People, which they had before  
Distemper'd with their Poisons, to receive  
This Man of Feather, as their grand Protector:  
They take him, and to Covenant they go;



Two Hundred Thousand Pounds! (a Sum would buy Their Kingdom) must be raised and paid to them.

*Do.* Very fine.

*Resol.* But mark Sir the Event,  
I am resolv'd to open what they did  
For all this Money.

*Do.* 'Twill do well indeed.

*Resol.* They gave a Piece of Paper, in the which  
Were strange Things promis'd then, As if that all  
The Courage of the World contracted were  
In their, and but their Nation.

*Sure.* And what found you?

*Resol.* I now proceed to that; I found 'em Sir,  
Like Bull-Rushes, that tremble if the Wind  
But blow on them, they run and tumbl'd o'er  
The Necks of one another, like to Tiles  
A Storm forces from Houses Tops; this any thing  
But Man, who own'd the Name of their Protector,  
In the most abject'st Manner, and beneath  
The Spirit of a Man, threw at my Feet  
His Sword, and himself too, on single Terms,  
Without a Stroke; *Scarefool* they call him, and  
They must be Citizens or none that fear him;  
A Rat shall make him run to his own Country.

*Scare.* Is a Gentlemon Sir, mind ye me? Is gang  
toll me non Contre wy aw me Hert gif you wul.

*Sure.* Not in such Haste Sir, we'll reserve you for  
Another Purpose — take him hence to Prison.

*Scare.* Tha faw Deel fier thot Tong.

(*He is carried off.*)

*Resol.* What think you Sir that Paper cost so much,  
Is worth in Weight? here's One will tell you Sir.

*Pub.* No. I am a Publick Notary by Profession,  
And dare speak Nothing but the Truth; the Wa-  
ger  
Past on this Gentleman's Side, the Pope's Bull weigh-  
ed.

It down by much, the other was not worth  
In Weight a Penny Loaf.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sure.*

*Sure.* But what makes you here Sir ?

*Sem.* Not to Harm Sir.

*Do.* Stay not here upon

Your Peril Sir, your Bulls have too long Tails.

*Sem.* I stay but for a Wind Sir. (*Exit Seminary*)

*Soon.* I must confess we have been much deluded,  
Cheated, and cozen'd by these perjur'd *Scots*,  
Under the Shew of Zeal and Honesty.

*Lay.* Hang 'em Rogues, they complain they are  
pillaged; you made 'em not bare enough Sirs, you  
should have taken their Skins off too, they would  
have made Monsters of us; but truly my Husband is  
a natural Man, and I am his own Wife; I hope you  
do not think we are otherwise than we should be.

*Mrs. Small.* I have a Husband here too, help his  
Head, he was a Man once, and I was Woman, as  
this Gentleman the Courtier knew well enough, but  
now I am no Body, thank you Pick-purses; Pray  
Spare 'em not, I'm sure they would not spare me  
when Time was, do what I could.

*Sure.* Take them hence, there will be Order shortly  
To pack 'em to some Foriegn Parts; they are  
But Caterpillars, and what Place soe'er  
They come at will be th' worse for't; take 'em hence.

*Foc. Bil.* A Mercy, Mercy, Mercy. (*Exeunt Scots.*)

*Omnes.* You have done Justice.

*Sure.* Y'ave seen these *Scots* dissected Gentlemen,  
And what d'ye find 'em now to be, but Rascals?  
Meer Mountebanks, that have instead of Cure  
Bred strange Diseases, and Distempers 'mongst you;  
Jugglers, that look'd you in the Face, and told  
You a fine Tale, to keep your Senses busy,  
While they did pick your Pockets.

*Lay.* Our Pockets say you Sir? Ay, and some-  
thing else too, could  
They have come at it; but soft, soft, two Words  
to a Bargain.

*Sure.* Master *Smalfraith*, We shall do what lies in us,  
Upon your Recantation, to bring  
You into Favour with the Commonwealth,

And

And seat you as before, as capable  
Of her Preferment.

*Smal.* I thank you.

*His Wife.* Blessing on your Hearts,

*Sure.* We make the same Profession Sir, to you  
On the like Terms. You may do much  
Upon the giddy People, by the Example  
Of your own Reformation.

*Any.* Sir, I shall

Do what befits an honest Man abus'd,  
And Servant to the Commonwealth.

*Do.* And you Sir,  
Are not exempted here the Benefit  
Of Favour if you will take hold of it.

*Soon.* I thank you.

*Lay.* Ay, and hold it fast Husband; had I a  
good Thing to handle, I'd make much on't a long  
Time I warrant you.

*Sure.* As for these Gentlemen here, Master  
*Down fall,*

And Master *Worn-out*, we shall do our best  
To set the one upon his Legs again,  
And restore th'other, though not to his full  
Ability, yet to a Health contentable.

*Down. Worn.* We are your Servants.

*Sure.* When all our Minds and Hearts are firmly  
knit

Let the *Scot* do his Worst, by Sword or Wit,  
(*Exeunt.*)

F I N I S.





